

783

ATZ OPERA HOUSE, OAKLAND,

NIGHTLY

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13th, 1877.

50 Cts. & \$1.00. No extra charge for Reserved Seats.—At usual place.

THE RENOWNED HISTORICAL CELEBRITIES.

BUFFALO BILL AND CAPTAIN JACK

(Hon. W. F. CODY.)

(J. W. CRAWFORD.)

Chief Scout for Gen's TERRY and CROOK.

The "Post Scout" of the Black Hills, direct from
GEN'L CROOK'S command.



Hon. W. F. CODY — (Buffalo Bill.)

In the realistic Western Drama, written especially for BUFFALO BILL, in 5 Acts, entitled

LIFE ON THE BORDER

Supported by a Powerful Dramatic Organization.

OF CHANCE OF PROGRAMME NIGHTLY.

The Scalp and War Paraphernalia of YELLOW HAND, Chief of 800 Cheyenne
Braves, KILLED BY BUFFALO BILL, at the Battle of Indian Creek, Black
Hills, July 26th, 1876, are on Free Exhibition in the most prominent
Show Window in this City on the advertised dates.

PROGRAMME.

FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY.

ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EACH PERFORMANCE.

BUFFALO BILL

(Hon. W. F. CODY)

In the thrilling Play, in Five Acts, depicting True Frontier Life,

ENTITLED

LIFE ON THE BORDER!

- Buffalo Bill**.....By the Great Original.....**Hon. W. F. CODY**
A Western Judge, Jury and Executioner.
- Capt. Jack**.....**J. W. CRAWFORD**
Who can trail an Indian from the Missouri to the Pacific.
- Emma Reynolds**.....**Miss A. A. Adams**
Betrothed to Buffalo Bill.
- Betty Mullany**.....**Miss Gertie Granville**
A true-hearted Italian Girl from Cork.
- Mrs. Reynolds**.....**Miss Alice St. John**
Wife of Jim Reynolds.
- Gen. Duncan, of the U. S. A.**.....**A. D. Billings**
A Right Man in the Wrong Place.
- Old Sloc**.....**A. D. Bradley**
A Trapper, one of the Boys, age unknown.
- Capt. Huntley**.....**J. K. Mortimer**
Of Regulators and Vigilance Committee.
- Jebadiah Broadbrim**.....**W. Simms**
A Peace Commissioner, with an affection for Ireland.
- Grasshopper Jim**.....**J. B. Barrows**
A sample of the vigilance Committee, Huntley's Right Bower.
- George Reed**.....**A. E. Murdoch**
A victim of Perjury, but a square man for all that.
- Toothpick Ben**.....**Geo. Galloway**
Gives Lessons in Gambling his way, Huntley's Left Bower.
- Jim Reynolds**.....**E. Pembroke**
A Scout, one of the boys in a tight place.
- Wolfy Dick**.....**Chas. Allen**
Who came west to grow up with the country, but grew too fast.
- Lieut. Milford**.....**N. Sherwood**
Takes Lessons in the art of Gambling.
- War Eagle**.....**Andrew Younger**
One of the noble Red Men of the Far West.

SEEK NEWBORN

A NOTABLE SCOUT.

From the San Francisco "MORNING CALL," May 10, 1877.

INCIDENTS

In the Career of William Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," Adventures in Indian campaigns. An exciting time with the Redskins.

Nearly every one, male or female, young or old, is tinged with a love of adventure, and admiration of those few whose daring deeds on foot or field have made them famous. One cannot help respecting bravery, whether moral or physical, and where it is aided by indomitable will, keen perception, strict integrity, unassuming modesty, and unfailing good humor, this respect merges into a still warmer feeling for the fortunate man, who possesses so many good qualities.

WILLIAM T. CODY, popularly known as "Buffalo Bill," is fully entitled to this character, as any army officer with whom he has served during the past 20 years will bear witness.

HOW BUFFALO BILL LOOKS.

Cody is a splendid looking specimen of humanity, over six feet in height, weighing nearly 200 pounds, and admirably proportioned, while his aquiline features, somewhat outré style of dress, and long dark-brown hair, which falls in masses of curls over his shoulders, make him a centre of attraction among the puny dwellers in cities. A couple of anecdotes, as told by him to the present narrator, told over the camp fire, and vouched for by gentlemen present, will give a fair idea of the life this adventurous man has passed, of his endurance in time of suffering, and desperate courage in the hour of danger.

"Look here, Will," said one of the officers, as he kicked the glowing embers into a blaze. "Spin us a yarn about yourself, and shut up about other people." This request was unanimously approved, and one officer remarked, "Tell them about that rough spell on the Republican, for they have probably not heard it." Will shook the last drop out of his canteen (it was only alkali water with a dash of lemon in it) and said, "I'm not much of a hand at blowing this sort of a trumpet, but if you want to hear

HOW ONE MAN STUCK TO ANOTHER

When he was on the ragged edge, I'll tell you how George Hanson stood by me. In the Winter of '73, and it was a winter, George and I were trapping on a branch of the Republican River. The Indians were pretty much friendly at that time, and it was too cold for them to be browsing around much, anyhow, so we felt cosy as pie in a little dug-out we'd made in the side of the bluff. One day while George and I were skylarking on the ice, I fell and broke my leg, or, rather, I splintered the shin bone. That sort of thing isn't the pleasantest in the world, even if you are at a post where there's a doctor to look out for you, and when it happens on the Plains in midwinter you feel like saying your prayers. George took it very rough, almost worse than I did, and he just hustled around me as though I was a baby. He made some splints and set the bone as well as he could, and then he got a lot of firewood and piled it in the dug-out, laid in a supply of meat and as much water as we had access to hold, and then he said, 'I must get you to the settlements, old boy.' Our horses had wandered away some time before, for there was nothing for them to eat thereabouts, so George piled our blankets and pelts together, and left me on them and then he took a pull at his belt, poked up his rifle, and started out a-foot. To say I felt lonely, wouldn't express it; but you see I knew he ought to be back in

twelve days, and I just counted the hours. The twelve days passed, somehow or other, and then came the thirtieth, but George didn't turn up. All the wood I could get at was gone by this time, so I couldn't melt the ice or cook the meat, and had to be content with raw flesh frozen, and icicles or snow. Day after day passed, and still he didn't come, and I knew he was dead, or had come to grief somewhere, for that sort of a man don't leave a friend in the lurch, cost what it may. I tell you, gentlemen, you can hear the wolves howl, if you listen, but you are used to it and don't think of them; nor did I until that time; but when my fire was gone out, they'd get around that dug-out at nights, and howl like dogs over their dead master. It wasn't cheerful at the start, and didn't grow more comfortable as

THE DAYS TURNED INTO WEEKS.

But you see, a man hates to die like a wounded bear, so I just held on for all I knew. Twenty days and nights had passed, and I began to reckon up what I had done in this world, and the time I had left to stay in it. I got through that night, somehow or other, but I guess my head was a little off next day, for I seemed to hear voices all around, and didn't feel the bitter cold as I had before. All of a sudden I heard footsteps creaking on the snow outside, and I knew they were real, but couldn't call out for the life of me. It was George. He crawled slowly into the dug-out and came alongside of me, where I lay with my eyes shut, for I couldn't look up at first, and when I did open them—well, we didn't either of us say anything for a while.

You see, he had reached the settlements all right, and had started back all alone with an ox-team, and people didn't care about travelling around much that winter. On the second day out, an awful snow-storm commenced, and he struggled and blundered against it till his team wouldn't go any further. He didn't give up, however, but fought his way along whenever he could get a start out of the team, although he made up his mind at last that he'd find nothing of me but the bones; and this is how he came to be so late. He took me down to the settlements in a cart, and there they set the leg over again. You can see the lump on it still. No, that's a bullet-wound, and that's where an arrow stuck."

A TICKLE-SITUATION.

On another, but similar occasion, Will told the following story:

"We were coming back from the Mormon settlement, when Sidney Johnston had commanded you know, and I was sort of assistant in the wagon train. I was quite a lad then. Lou Simpson was brigade wagon-master, and had charge of two trains, which travelled about fifteen miles apart, and his second in command was George Woods. About noon, one day, Simpson, Woods, and I, started from the hindmost train to overtake the one in front. Knowing there were Indians around, we kept the sharpest kind of a lookout, but didn't see anything until we got near Ash Hollow, on the North Platte, some eight miles from the train we'd left, when a band of about sixty Indians rose out of a gulch a half mile off, and came for us. Simpson, who understood that sort of business, made us jump off and put our mules together, head to tail, in the shape of a triangle, and he then shot them dead in their tracks with a revolver. This made an all around breast-work, and we lay on our flanks. Each of us had a heavy muzzle-loading rifle and two Colt's revolvers, so we made it pretty warm for the reds; but it was right out on the smooth prairie, and they charged up within a few yards of us, hitting Woods hard at the first fire. He couldn't do any more fighting, poor fellow, but he lay on his back and loaded, while we did the shooting. The Indians didn't have any guns at that time, and they didn't charge right over peoples they some times do now, a-days, but they'd ride up within a few yards, pop off their arrows, and circle away, throwing themselves on the off side of their poles. After keeping up this business until almost sundown, when they grew tired, and squatted out of range, evidently determined to starve us out, and so we had no way of getting water. They of course thought we were stragglers from the train they had seen pass. During the afternoon we killed twelve Indians, besides wounding a number, for they would ride up so close that we could give it to them with a revolver in each hand. In the morning they made a few charges, just such to keep us excited, but the holding-on policy was what they meant. At 11 o'clock that day the rain howled night, and the Indians, whooping like devils, made one final charge, and left in short order. It was about the tightest scrape I ever got caught in, and it did not make me love the Indians any better, you may be sure."

BUFFALO BILL AND CAPTAIN JACK.

The following dispatch which was sent from Buffalo Bill to Captain Jack, and prompted the following verses from the Post Scout, (as he is familiarly known on the frontier,) explains itself.

CAMP ON INDIAN CREEK, JULY 8TH, 1876.

"Jack, old boy, have you heard of the death of brave Custer?" — BUFFALO BILL.

USTER'S DEATH.

Did I hear the news from Custer ?

Well, I reckon I did, old pard ;

It came like a streak of lightnin' ;

And, you bet, it hit me hard.

I ain't no hand to blubber,

And the briny ain't run for years ;

But chalk me down for a lubber,

If I didn't shed regular tears.

What for ? Now look you here, Bill,

You're a bully boy, that's true ;

As good as e'er wore buckskin,

Or fought with the boys in blue ;

But I'll bet my bottom dollar

Ye had no trouble to muster

A tear, or perhaps a hundred,

When ye heard of the death of Custer.

He always thought well of you, pard,

And had it been heaven's will,

In a few more days you'd met him,

And he'd welcome his old scout Bill.

For if ye remember at Hat Creek,

I met ye with General Carr ;

We talked of the brave young Custer,

And recounted his deeds of war.

But little we knew even then, pard,

(And that's just two weeks ago),

How little we dreamed of disaster,

Or that he had met the foe—

That the fearless, reckless hero,

So loved by the whole frontier,

Had died on the field of battle

In this, our centennial year.

I served with him in the army,

In the darkest days of the war :

And I reckon ye know his record,

For he was our guiding star ;

And the boys who gathered round him

To charge in the early morn,

War just like the brave who perished

With him on the Little Horn.

And where is the satisfaction,

And how are we going to get square ?

By giving the reds more rifles ?

Invite them to take more hair ?

We want no scouts, no trappers,

Nor men who know the frontier ;

Phil, old boy, you're mistaken,

We must have the volunteer.

Never mind that two hundred thousand,

But give us a hundred instead ;

Send five thousand men towards Reno,

And soon we won't leave a red.

It will save Uncle Sam lots of money,

In fortress we need not invest,

Jest wollup the devils this summer,

And the miners will do all the rest.

The Black Hills are now filled with miners,

The Big Horn will soon be as full,

And which will present the most danger

To Crazy Horse and Old Sitting Bull ?

A band of ten thousand frontier men,

Or a couple of forts with a few

Of the boys in the East now enlisting—

Friend Cody, I leave it with you.

They talk about peace with these demons

By feeding and clothing them well :

I'd as soon think an angel from heaven

Would reign with contentment in h—l.

And some day those Quakers will answer

Before the great Judge of us all,

For the death of the daring young Custer

And the boys who around him did fall.

Perhaps I am judging them harshly,

But I mean what I'm telling ye, pard ;

I'm letting them down mighty easy,

Perhaps they may think it is hard.

But I tell you the day is approaching—

The boys are beginning to muster—

That day of the great retribution,

The day of revenge for our Custer.

And I will be with you, friend Cody,

My weight will go in with the boys ;

I shared all their hardships last winter,

I shared all their sorrows and joys ;

So tell them I'm coming, friend William,

I trust I will meet you ere long ;

Regards to the boys in the mountains,

Yours, truly, in friendship still strong.

JACK CRAWFORD.

FRANCIS & VALENTINE.

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